

Good Morning 281

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'Punch' is Domino Expert

BECAUSE his master does not believe in performing animals for profit, "Punch," eight-year-old wonder dog of Kettlewell, Yorkshire, has never achieved the fame he deserves.

A Labrador sheep dog, he can add, subtract, divide, multiply, state his age, and play dominoes. He has had no training, and first displayed his mathematical powers when, as a puppy, he would count the number of sheep or cows in a field.

His father was an outstanding sheep dog in the Lake Dis-

trict, and Punch spent his puppy days on lonely Shap Fell, where he never saw another dog, and to this Mr. Frank Gummerson, his master and Warden of Kettlewell Youth Hostel, attributes his powers.

Ask Punch his age; eight barks is the answer. He knows that four into sixteen goes four barks and that twice three is six barks.



Dominoes is his favourite pastime, and he has played and often beaten hundreds of Youth Hostellers "who," says Mr. Gummerson, "turn up at the oddest times of the year, having come from as far afield as London and Scotland just to see Punch."

The dominoes are set up, and whatever number his opponent plays, perhaps two, Punch looks at his set-up, and seeing a 2-5, will bark twice and then five times, clearly indicating his choice. He "knocks" by solemnly nodding his head, and, in the event

of a defeat, counts up at the end.

"Much money has been raised for local charities by his antics," Mr. Gummerson told "Good Morning." "Recently he made a trip to Scotland, entertaining war workers. I could have made a lot of money with him, but I don't believe in professional animals."

Gold mining— Useless work?



They shouted for Tom Webster, the sports cartoonist, and gave him the biggest cheer: that is to say, the biggest cheer except that reserved for Siki. The cheering that greeted the entrance of the negro was astonishing. If he had been Robert Emmet returned to life he could not have been given a more welcome reception. The one or two handclaps that ushered in Mike McTigue must have come from relatives, for whom he had procured free seats.

THE FIGHT A BALLET.

To the hardened boxing follower the fight was an anticlimax. It lacked most of the expected thrills and fell rather flat after the events leading to it.

McTigue was consistent in his philosophy. He gave nothing away outside, and in the ring he was what you might term a super-economist. He did not waste an ounce of energy.

Siki, on the other hand, was the complete contrast. Snorting like a wild broncho, he pranced and danced round the ring, whirling arms and gloves in a tornado of punches that mostly cleared the air.

McTigue found it childishly simple to avoid damage. His tactics were perfectly correct. Why should he bother to beat Siki when it was patent that the negro was beating himself?

All he had to do was to steer clear of trouble and get in sufficient punches to ensure keeping the lead. Sooner or later Siki would tire as a result of his own efforts, and then, in his own good time, McTigue would go for a knock-out.

This sort of battle did not please the crowd. Siki was

What's all this Gold? 15 Billion Dollars "Not worth a cent"

By S. M. Day

"IF some fifteen billion dollars of our gold stock suddenly evaporated into thin air, the nation would have lost nothing." So writes the American economist Professor Mach-lup.

On the other hand, British jewellers still advertise: "Bring us a single gold sovereign and we will give you two rustling pound notes"—or thereabouts.

To the ordinary citizen this simply doesn't make sense. What is the explanation?

Over forty million fine ounces of gold are mined each year from the gold-bearing ore found in the earth's crust. South Africa produces more than a third of this total, and Canada, Russia and the U.S.A. are the other chief producers.

This gold—excluding the small proportion used in industry—is worth 35 dollars per ounce. And for the last 30 years it has been nearly all bought by the only shop-keeper rich enough to afford the luxury—the Government

of the United States of America.

Uncle Sam, unable to sell this glittering ware to anybody else, has carefully buried the gold back again in the earth's crust. Or, to be exact, into huge underground vaults, guarded by soldiers, at Fort Knox.

His hoard, so he says, is now worth 23,000,000,000 dollars, that is, about 657 million fine ounces.

So, from the viewpoint of orthodox finance, the U.S.A. is, and has been, rolling in wealth.

Yet, for many years prior to the war, the U.S.A. had about eight million unemployed living in poverty.

This all seems like "Alice in Wonderland." It is no wonder, then, that the American man-in-the-street scratches his head and asks, "What the heck is the good of digging gold out of the Transvaal to bury it again in God's own country?"

Here are some reasons:—Gold has been, from time immemorial, the precious metal—the natural vehicle for valuing and bartering commodities. And tradition dies hard.

Secondly, American business men want the American Government to keep on buying gold. America is well known as a land of high tariffs. American industrialists and farmers want the home market for their own goods. They object strongly to British motor-cars, Australian wool, German toys or Swiss watches competing with their home-made products.

On the other hand, they want to sell their surplus motor-cars, their cereals, their machinery and tools to foreign countries in order to expand their businesses and make more profits.

Other countries, of course, put up their own tariffs to stop them. But some American products—oil, for example—are urgently needed by many foreign nations.

These nations would be only too glad to take a tanker full of oil and send back in exchange a shipload of butter or cotton or manufactured articles. But there are very few things the Americans want that they can't produce themselves. And their own high tariffs on imported commodities make it impossible for the American exporter to accept such consignments. A shipload of British bicycles, for instance, would be a dead loss.

So the usual way for the American exporter to get payment for the goods he sells abroad is by means of gold, or money which has gold backing. This happened on a big scale when Britain had to pay America for the huge debts incurred during the 1914-18 war.

And then, to complete the circle, the American Government buys the gold back from the American industrialist at 35 dollars per fine ounce. Or, which amounts to the same thing, transfers foreign currency into American dollars.

Thirdly, American investors in foreign businesses also insist that their Government should keep the world's currency plugged to gold. Otherwise they could not count on dividends, earned in foreign money, being changed back into dollars.

So your local jeweller is only paying you good British money for your gold watch, your gold ring, your gold teeth and your gold sovereign for this reason:

The British banks and the British Government know that the American Government stands as World Guarantor to buy that gold ring and sovereign at 35 dollars per fine ounce. And in due time the odds are that your sovereign will lie snug in the vaults at Fort Knox—the safest place it has ever been in since it was dug out of the earth.

Bomb burst, but boxed on W. H. Millier gives his Eye-Witness Story

MANY of the old-time prize fights took place under conditions of extraordinary difficulty, but no modern boxing contest was ever decided in such an atmosphere as that which surrounded the Siki-McTigue contest in Dublin.

The contest itself fades into insignificance beside all the events leading up to its consummation. The mere glove fight would have been among the unimportant happenings that are rarely, if ever, recalled.

As it is, it goes on record as the peg whereon a series of events unparalleled in fight history was hung.

Battling Siki would have remained almost a nonentity had it not been for his entirely unexpected victory over Carpentier; and that could never have happened if the French champion had taken the trouble to put in a little training beforehand.

It was not so much his victory over Carpentier that gained him the engagement he did not wish to accept in Ireland. It was the fact that he had been refused permission to box in England that made Irishmen anxious to have him with them.

POLITICS AND SPORT.

It started with two Irish sportsmen as promoters entering into partnership to give Dublin a glove fight which might serve the purpose of diverting some troubled minds from the explosive paths of politics and at the same time show a fair dividend on capital outlay.

It finished by being staged under direction of the Irish Free State Government, and as politics had obtruded in the action of the I.R.A., the promoters failed to earn the expected dividend.

Had the fight proved the big money-maker it was expected to be, it would have been just reward for all the trouble that it caused.

March 17, St. Patrick's Day, was the date fixed for the con-

test, and March 17 it had to be by order of the Irish Government, despite the illegal instructions of the I.R.A. It was this clash of interests that prevented a sell-out at the box-office.

Many people who intended making the journey from country districts thought it advisable to stay away from Dublin when it became known that the I.R.A. would attempt to prevent the contest taking place.

IN AN ALLEY.

Even among those who came to Dublin, quite a number changed their minds at the last moment when they saw what precautions had been taken to counter any proposed interference. The police and the Army had taken complete charge.

The Scala Theatre was situated at the corner of a narrow alley, or courtyard, which admirably suited the purpose by being a cul-de-sac.

All the police had to do was to place a barricade across the entrance and none could enter without search and examination. A squad of soldiers with loaded rifles and fixed bayonets lined up in front of the theatre.

Only one person at a time could approach the theatre, and as he was questioned and searched before being permitted to enter, it may be gathered it took a long time to pass the would-be spectators into the building.

Small wonder that there were many empty seats. Inside the theatre were more troops. The boxing ring was protected by a ring of bayonets, but the troops, although only inches from the boxers, were unable to see the fight.

They had to stand with their backs to the ring, and facing the spectators.

I had worked hard to get the fight started early in the evening in order to be able to telephone my story to Fleet Street in good time, and was feeling pleased when it was made known that the show would start at 6 p.m.

This was a short-lived pleasure, however, as, soon after the start, the police announced that nobody would be permitted to leave the building before 11.30. What a prospect!

Five and a half hours in a theatre, with three hours to kill after the show finished,

and a red-hot story waiting to be sent off!

MADE THEATRE A FORT!

The boxers had been escorted to the theatre from their training quarters by armed guards, in order to defeat any attempts at kidnapping, and when all the spectators had taken their seats the only entrance that had been in use was bolted, barred and guarded.

Every precaution had been taken, and you might think that the I.R.A. bowed to the inevitable and retired gracefully from the scene.

The first pair had been in the ring about ten minutes and were putting up a good fight when the whole building rocked on its foundations.

For a space of time immeasurable nobody spoke, nobody moved. If the battling boxers hesitated, it could have been only the merest fraction of a second, for they continued as if nothing had happened.

It was not long before we learned that the I.R.A. had made the threatened attempt to blow up the building. There was a picture palace adjoining the Scala Theatre, and one wall of the picture house backed on to the Scala. Whether the police had overlooked this fact or not I do not know, but it was apparent that it had not escaped the I.R.A.

A bomb had been exploded against this wall, but fortunately it caused no damage to the theatre, although the picture palace suffered.

The atmosphere inside that theatre, which for the night had been turned into a boxing hall, had been tense. Most people were silent, and it all seemed so strange, but almost directly after the muffled detonation that had shaken the buildings had died away the tension eased and conversation flowed.

Even Battling Siki became quite joyous. Before the show had started, Georges Carpentier (yes, he was there) had offered to bet Descamps that the negro would refuse to climb through the ropes directly he saw the naked bayonets round the ring. It was after the explosion that the chief of police announced that everybody would be kept in the building until 11.30.

In order to make the show last longer a number of celebrities were introduced from the ring. There were many famous boxers, but the crowd did not appear to be particularly thrilled at seeing them.

Your letters are
welcome! Write to
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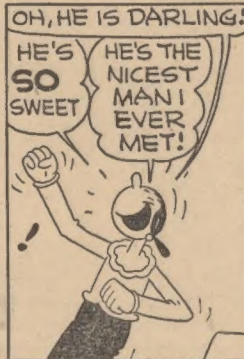
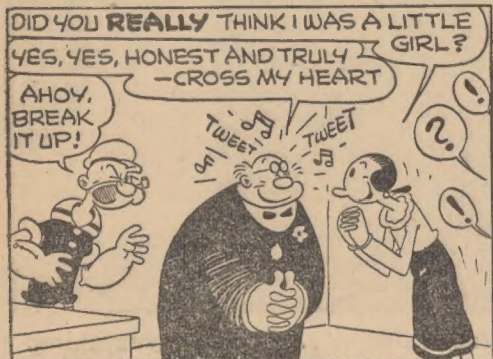
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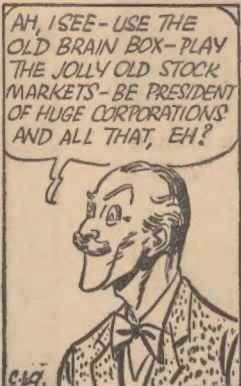
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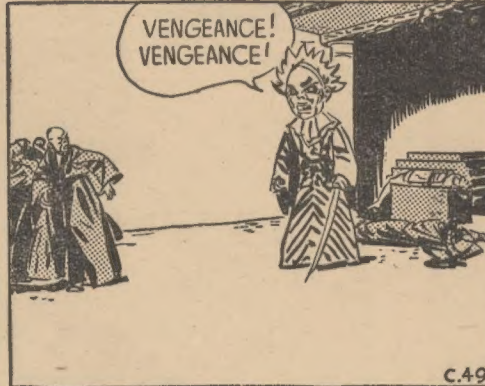
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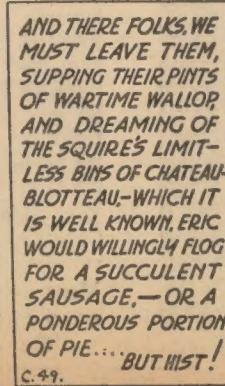
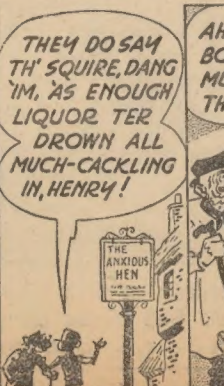
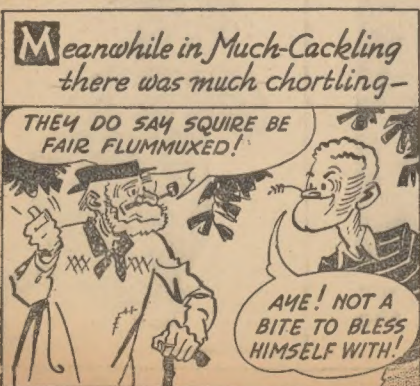
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



ARGUE THIS OUT FOR YOURSELVES

REVOLUTIONARIES.

REVOLUTIONS are not made by the starving, but by people who have something to eat, but not quite enough, and see others well fed. If you are starving you think only about your next meal, and where it is to come from. Consider the psychology of tramps. . . . If you live on bread, margarine and tea and sleep in a "spike" you don't think about politics, still less about revolutions. What you think about is where you can go for your next dollop of margarine, bread and tea. Want, in fact, takes the revolutionary edge off poverty.

Professor C. E. M. Joad.

NAUGHTY CHILDREN.

WHAT can be done to cure these young rebels against mankind? First, we must find out the cause of the child's delinquency. Faulty home conditions, unkind parents, bad company, or neglected organic weakness are all probable causes. It may be possible to change or remove any of these causes. . . . But there is another and more permanent way of reaching the child, so that he can use his own creative powers, to improve almost all the conditions against which he is reacting. To cure a delinquent child it is only necessary to re-educate him in moral values.

Miss Phyllis Bottome.

ARE WE GENEROUS?

A FOREIGN statesman recently indulged in an epigram which is worth recording. "The British people," he said, "are the most generous on this earth. It pays better, therefore, to be their enemies than their allies." No Briton can allow such a remark to pass unchallenged. It may be true that, being a tolerant and easy-going race, we are more apt than others to forgive and to forget. But it is not true that we invariably make friends of our enemies and enemies of our friends. Our loyalty, for instance, to such allies as Russia and the United States has been sustained and noteworthy; it is only towards our weaker associates that we sometimes display inconsistency. And is it really true that in this year 1944 the British people are generous to a fault?

Harold Nicolson.

PAST-FUTURE.

WHEN people talk about reconstruction their minds almost inevitably go in the direction of reform. They begin to think of noble ideas for a beautiful world into which we might go—a world so different from the past. Do not let us deery everything there was in the past, because it was not completely bad; if it had been it would not have been able to produce us, and, what is still more important, our children, who have certainly demonstrated that the children of Britain are of a very high quality indeed.

Lord Woolton.

VANISHING CRAFTSMEN.

IN old days it was necessary to go to the village blacksmith for the shoeing of horses. To-day, though the tractors and other machinery need rather more blacksmith's work than the horse, there seems to be a certain reluctance among farmers to use the local man. In my experience the village blacksmith is much more efficient than any central workshop in repairing any garden machine or tool. Indeed, farmers in general are not local enough. They often take a very small part in the social life of the village; they sell no atom of the food they produce locally; and their neglect (compelled perhaps in this regard by the organisation of free imports) has killed a very large proportion of local mills.

Sir William Beach Thomas.

CHILDREN PART-TIMERS.

A GOOD education demands all the energy that a growing boy has to spare. Parents in less favourable circumstances mostly realise that their children will have to study even harder to make their way in the world in order to overcome social and financial handicaps. Only extremely poor or very short-sighted parents allow their children to take part-time employment, which, in r.v. view, should be prohibited if education is to make all the looked-for future progress.

Mrs. K. M. Constable.

ODD QUOTES

He did not think, with the Caliph Omar Ben Adalaziz, that it was necessary to make a hell of this world to enjoy paradise in the next.

William Beckford (1759-1844).

The colour I think of little moment; and am of opinion with our friend Foote, respecting his negro friend, that a good dog, like a good candidate, cannot be of a bad colour.

Peter Beckford (1740-1811).

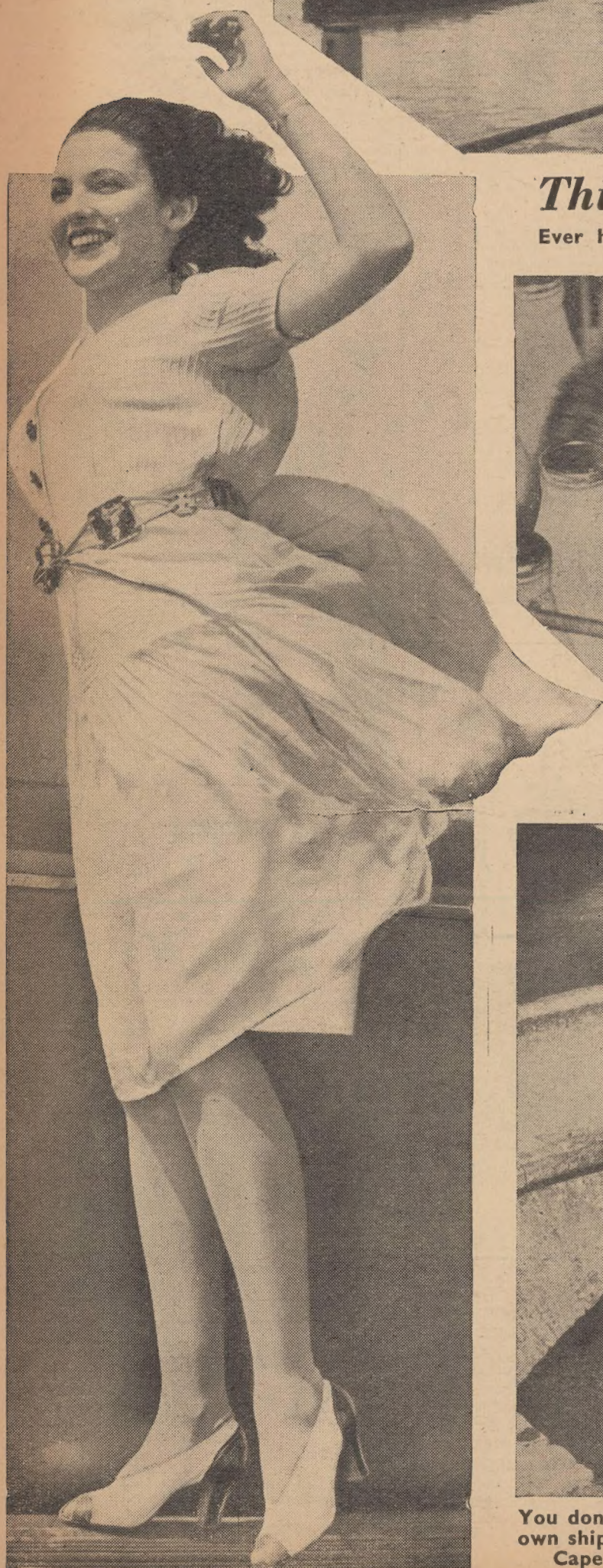
The Royal Navy of England hath ever been its greatest defence and ornament; it is its ancient and natural strength; the floating bulwark of the island.

William Blackstone (1723-1780).

**Good
Morning**

**GOOD-
BYEEE!**

Beautiful Fox starlet
Linda Darnell gives
you all a cheerful
send-off.



This England The weir at Marlow.
Do you know the
Thames at Marlow?
Ever had a drink at "The Compleat Angler"?

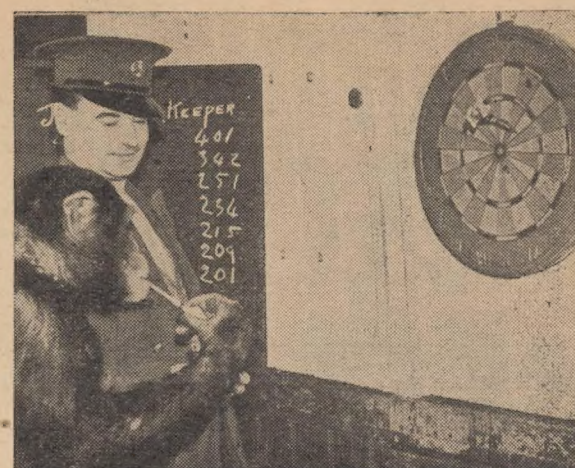


"O.K. It's a fair cop — but you can't blame
me for trying to get in on this stuff, can
you?"



You don't have to be a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron to sail your
own ship, you know. And we bet these three youngsters have rounded the
Cape and sailed the Seven Seas, in one sunny morning on that bridge.

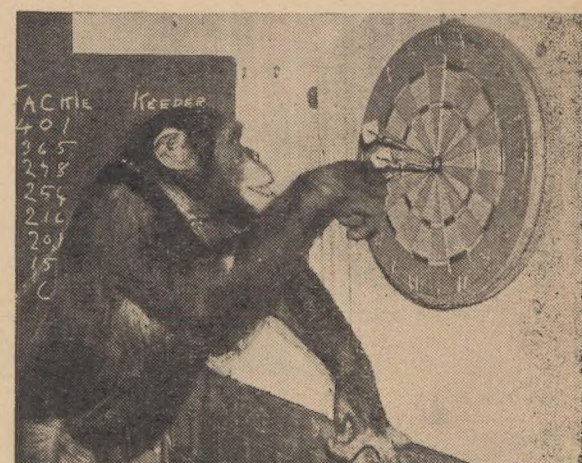
**THE TEACHER
TAUGHT**



"Hmm! Not so hot. Should have been
a 50. Must take it more seriously."



"Watch this one. Style is everything.
I KNOW this will be a 'bull'!"



"What did I tell you? Dead centre —
and as many times as you like, too."

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Swank . . . I could
whitewash him blind-
folded."

